

The Saturday Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 10, 1822.

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VOLUME I.

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CONDITIONS.

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

AN HUMBLE ATTEMPT TO IMITATE THE OLD BALLADS.

The eve had usher'd in the night, and dark the storm-cloud rolled,
The tempest spirit rode the blast, which blew so shrilly cold,
The dreadful thunder peal'd along, the dark'ned arch of heaven,
And on the wings of Zefus the gather'd storm was driven—
The vivid lightning's lurid flash now glaring fearfully,
Fell on the foaming waves which rushed so fiercely to the sea—
The Raven sought the cavern'd cliff, the ravenous wolf the lair,
The holy Harmit bent the knee in reverential prayer—
So ferociously the tempest raged, on mountain, moor and plain,
Whoever roved beneath its power w^{ld} never rove again—
Upon the Arno's silver tide a noble palace stood,
Which had defied the scythe of time, the tempest and the flood,
And in its halls liv'd Angelo, with his fair Isabel, the fairest flower that ever bloom'd on mountain or in dell—
• • • • •
More fiercely blew the dreadful blast, and wilder waged the storm,
And heavier grew the thickened clouds that heaven's fair face deform,
And looming in the tempest's rage, shook battlement and tower,
While every turret bent beneath its desolating power—

Now fairly beams the morning's light, the tempest's power is sped,
And in the east horizon's verge, the sun uprears his head,
Yet ne'er again that castle fair is seen from holt or hill,
And Angelo beneath the sea lies with his Isabel, RAYMOND.

FAITHFUL MARY.

The surges lash the distant shore,
And lightnings rend the concave sky;
While one poor female wanders o'er
The cliffs that yonder rise so high.
She sighs across the distant main,
And calls aloud for Henry dear;
But echo answers back again—
The wand'ring lover is not near
His faithful Mary.
Ah! no! he found an early grave
Beneath the stormy waving sea;
And she sings to each lonely wave,
"Return, return, my love to me."
The waters roll—the wind sweeps by—
The billows rise and break apart;
No lover to the maid comes nigh—
No solace cheers the pensive heart
Of faithful Mary.

At first when evening's silent hour
The moon-breeze whispers from the main;
And wafts the sea-boy's vespers o'er—
Poor Mary sighs an answering strain.
Each note impresses on her mind,
And seems to come from Henry dear;
But ah! the love would prove unkind,
For he can never come to cheer
His faithful Mary.

Philadelphia, April 6, 1822.
PASQUIN.

When clouds the sun have long obscured,
And storms have long borne sway,
Tis sweet to view his beams restored,
And tempests pass away.
When long has roared the angry deep,
And tossed the weary tar,
Tis sweet to see it sleep,
And hal'ope's cheering star.
A sweet scene than these there is,
More heavenly, cheering bright:
More fraught with pure and lasting bliss,
More sweet to mortal sight.
Tis when from the parental bough,
The clouds of rage are driven;
When you're, repentant, pardon asks,
And age replies—forgiven!
Heaven views with joy a scene so fair,
A brighter smile puts on—
Makes both its own peculiar care,
The fatigued and the son.

BOSTON BARD.

Sacred to the memory of Robert B. Coffin, drowned near Valparaiso, by the upsetting of a boat belonging to the Franklin 74.

BY ROBERT S. COFFIN.

Kinsman, fare-well!—the briiny wave
Though hoarse and lutt'd it roar,
The silence of thy timeless grave
Distur'd never more!

Short thy care!—The wreath of fame
Was budding for thy brow;
On glory's scroll was grav'd thy name—
On memory only now.

Crushed upon the billow's breast,
And nusid in danger's arms,
Thy spirit sunk serene to rest,
Mid horre's wild alarms.

The ocean breath thy requiem sung,
As o'er the deep it sped;
Thy knell, unheard, the mermaid rung—
Composed thy cord bed.

Oh, what are all the joys of earth?
Our hopes—and what are they?
The offspring of a timeless birth—
To be—and pass away.

Kinsman, farewell!—Th' lone thy grave
And far from Freedom's shore,
The minstrel shall thy memory save—
For thee his anthem pour.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

ON RELIGION.

"Religion's ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace."

There is nothing which enables us to bear with calmer resignation the dispensations of an all-wise and bountiful Creator than Religion. It is our solace and comfort amidst the distresses of this life, and upon the approach of that icy monster, the king of terrors, Death, when all our anxiety about our future interest must naturally be awakened, its consolations are sensibly felt. It is an anchor to our soul, both sure and steadfast—it offers us the only path which leads to tranquility, and the only sure foundation of virtue.

Without Religion the world presents a caliginous and dreary waste, through which there does not issue a single ray of comfort. Without the belief and hope afforded by divine revelation, the situation of man is extremely wretched—he resembles the brow-sick, destitute, and houseless creature wandering in the inhospitable desert, in vain endeavouring to gain a shelter from the bitter and inclement blast. When the heart bleeds from some wound of recent misfortune, there is nothing of equal efficacy with religious comfort—it has power to illumine the darkest hours, and assuage the severest woes, by setting forth the bright prospect of a blessed immortality, and bringing to our recollection that the hand of God is ever over us to ward off every real evil, which is not caused by any criminous conduct of our power.

In conclusion, I would call the attention of my youthful readers. Listen to me, my fellow-pilgrims, as to a father; as to a friend. You are now in the hey-day of youth, and your high blood runs "frolick through your veins"—you are encompassed with snares: all is enchantment—"pleasure invites and appetite impels." You behold the world in all its enticements and allurements—but you behold it through a veil. Tear it off, and you will see quick-sands and precipices ready to receive you. Would you wish to avoid them? List you then. Seek Religion, and you will find that you are not only able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject, but that the sweetest and sincerest joys are derived from it.

MORALIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SKETCHES—No. VI.

"Though an host of men were laid against me, yet shall not my heart be afraid." Psl. 27. v. 3.

It is perhaps one of the greatest blessings of man, to have a heart which, while it is not insensible to corrective reproof, is invulnerable to the unjust censures he must necessarily encounter in the course of his life. It would be preposterous to suppose he could enjoy his days in uninterrupted tranquility; or that, however philanthropic or innocent his views, he can gain the united approbation of a censorious world: while nature and education conspire to diversify the opinions of mankind, a perfect unanimity cannot be expected. Harmony of association seldom proceeds from a discord of sentiment. What one approves, another is as sanguine in condemning.—Hence it is that we must necessarily have opposers,—and even enemies. Perhaps it were well so. A continual current of approbation, or a tacit indifference in others, with respect to our actions will naturally weaken our minds, and create a like apathy in ourselves. Let us, however, always endeavour to preserve a respectful dignity towards our adversaries. We should not sink under the shaft of "envy, hatred or malice," but should prepare to receive it even from those we would fain consider our best wishers. It is hard, sometimes, to penetrate the secret labyrinths of the heart.

These passions frequently predominate in the human breast; and when we are conscious of the rectitude of our intentions and actions we should boldly stand forth and defy their effects. The foundation of virtue and truth can never be weakened by the hand of pusillanimity; and when we erect a superstructure upon such a basis, however weak the materials, it will boldly withstand the storms of depravity.

To be affected by every little opposition would indicate a most unpardonable imbecility. To yield to every adverse breeze would be to prostrate every spark of dig-

nity which the human heart inherits from its nature. Philosophy teaches us to brook the misfortunes of life and the machinations of our enemies—to be superior to calumny—and to forgive where we cannot forget.

PASQUIN.

August, 1822

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is stated in the North American Review, that Las Casas, in his zeal against the slavery of the American Indians, proposed to the Spanish government, as a substitute, the transportation of Negroes from Africa! If this be true, it is a striking evidence of the inconsistency of man.—It is like the old proverb, of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." And how many even in this day of light and knowledge, are concerned in actions of the same nature.

In order to compass some favourite end, which may be a good one, means are used that are fraught with deception and iniquity. If an act of benevolence is to be accomplished in relieving the unfortunate and the distressed, let us be careful that the means to perform it come not through the channel of fraud and oppression—for this is "robbing Peter to pay Paul." It is releasing an Indian at the expence of a Negro. It is "freeing a black with one hand and making a slave of a white man with the other."

God made man upright. With me there is no doubt but that originally he was a consistent creature; and that he may yet become such by the proper application of his rational understanding to the unfoldings of celestial knowledge. This shows no partiality—it instructs us to do as we would be done by on all occasions—it infuses into us the principles of humanity, and extends them with sentiments of fraternity and kindness towards every branch of the human family.

LUCAS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE INVISIBLE SCRIBE.

Mens. Editors—
You will, doubtless, be surprised at receiving an epistle from one who, except in the loftiness of his station and the exuberance of his flight, bears little resemblance to an author. My numerous avocations will not, at present, afford me an opportunity of explaining the causes which occasioned this, or of giving you any insight into my character or accomplishments. In my next I may gratify your curiosity, by enlarging on this point, therefore, by way of an elucidatory remark. Seek Religion, and you will find that you are not only able to encounter the worst emergencies, and to bear up under all the changes and chances to which our life is subject, but that the sweetest and sincerest joys are derived from it.

As I was engaged in my usual employment this morning, my attention was attracted by a group of Ladies who were in — street, apparently engaged in some momentous business. Feeling a desire to discover what important motives could actuate their fair bosoms in this instance, and occasion the unceasing volubility which they appeared to display, I assumed the shape of a small dog, and followed their footsteps undiscovered. In a few minutes they turned into a Dry-goods store, and requested of the shopman to look at some counterpanes. The obliging attendant sprang forward with the utmost alacrity to comply with their demands, and in an instant the spacious counter was covered with these articles, arranged in the most enticing manner. After examining and re-examining the whole, none of the goods would suit, as one was too large, another too small—one was much finer than they wished, another was quite inferior—while some was too cheap to be good, and all were too dear—so they concluded to leave the shop.

A door or two further on, they paused to enter, and, while yet near the steps, one of them said, "Louisa, now you must ask!" "O, I do not wish to buy any thing, (replied Louisa,) for I only took a walk to keep company, and besides, sister, you are a very good hand to converse with, the shop boy?" "Ah, ha! you only went for the sake of company?—or, perhaps, to see the fine ladies and store-keepers?" This retort seem'd to ruffle Louisa's temper a little, and she answered, "Well! and you wanted to show your handsome dress and figure—Why not?" The sentence was finished, and they all three salled in. "Have you any counterpanes?" They could with difficulty refrain from laughing, while the eager shopman readily obeyed their request, and handed down some of his choicest parcels. "What size, price or quality do you wish, Miss?" "O, let me see some of different qualities." Here they recommenced a critical investigation of each particular one, as they had previously done in the other store. After much attention on the part of the seller, and a necessary scrutiny by his fair customers, they appeared delighted with one, the elegance of which they acknowledged rarely to have seen surpassed. The countenance of the owner brightened at this declaration, and he appeared to enjoy in anticipation the prospect of an immediate sale for his counterpane. "Shall I put this up for you, ma'am? You appeared to be pleased with it?" "Not at present, sir. Can't

you take any thing less than seventeen dollars for it?" "I cannot I assure you, Madam, or I would with pleasure!" "Don't you think, sister, the one we saw below was larger for fifteen dollars?" "La! Yes, Louisa, I am sure it was, and of a much better quality." "Will you take that price for yours, sir?" "It really cost me more, Ma'am, but you shall have it, however, for sixteen!"

"Indeed I should not like to give more than I have seen them for—but if you will take fifteen?"

"O well, Ma'am, you shall have it."

"Just lay it aside if you please, and I will call with the person it is for, in a few days! Don't sell it, Sir, I shall certainly call:—Good afternoon!"

"Very good,—good afternoon!" ridiculed the disappointed shopman, with a smile upon his lips that could scarcely repress the chagrin that struggled for utterance, while the Ladies left the store with much composure.

Anxious to hear how they would excuse themselves, I continued my disguise, and followed them out.

"Why, sister," said one who had not yet spoken, and who, from her appearance, I considered the most amiable—"what induced you to give the poor man so much trouble? You did not want to buy!" "Poh, child, (replied the elder sister,) they are used to it: besides, Cousin Rachel will be married in a few months, and perhaps she may then want something of the kind."

Exasperated at such conduct, I ran into the street, and, getting my pins muddled, began to frisk fondly round her. "O, get out you brute!—Do look here, sister, how the dirty creature has soiled my coat—it will never be fit to be dressed in. I declare I won't go out shopping these six months—I am always sure to get my clothes painted or dirtied in some way."

As I considered this sufficient revenge for the trouble she had given, I left them and hastened to communicate this uncommon adventure to you.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE CRITIC—No. I.

By Martinus Scriblerus, Junior.

Every man who is conversant with the history of science and literature, must be well aware of the vast additions which have been made to the stock of human knowledge, within the last five centuries—not only have the limits of those particular departments of information, with which the ancients were partially acquainted been greatly enlarged, but by the talents, ingenuity, and perseverance of the moderns, new regions of the intellectual world have been laid open and explored. We can lay claim almost exclusively to chemistry, electricity, magnetism, and many other of the kindred sciences, which either astonish us by the wonders of their phenomena, or more immediately interest us by their practical utility and application to the wants, conveniences, and luxuries of life. But the titles of the moderns to honourable distinction, are not only to be confined to their many improvements in science, but are in part derived from their labours in literature; for while we boast of our Newtons, our Franklins, our Lavoisiers, and Davys, in science, we have also to enrol in the ranks of literature, the Johnsons, the Addisons, the Cowpers and Scotts. While in many departments of knowledge, we modestly consider ourselves as entitled to a limited and partial share of credit and renown; we demand almost an exclusive mode of praise for our labours in the pursuits of literature. In what region of fancy have we not roved, and what vein of sentiment have we not explored, and what vein of ingenuity have we not explored. We have discovered new modes of expressing our ideas; and of giving language to our thoughts. This is abundantly proved when we for a moment consider that one of the most brilliant and wonderful discoveries in literary composition, the *Bathos or profanity*, is an invention of entirely modern origin.—Although it is not my intention in this essay to attempt either a history of this celebrated discovery, or delineation of its merits and advantages, I shall for the information of those who may be so unaptly ignorant, as to have no knowledge of our unparalleled art, extract a few remarks of its erudit author and expositor, Martinus Scriblerus, explanatory of its nature and advantages; whoever wishes for further information, I earnestly recommend to peruse his writings collected in the works of Alexander Pope, Esq; where he will find the whole theory ably developed and beautifully illustrated. Scriblerus defines the *Bathos* to be the art of writing so as to depress and render low, every subject that an author attempts to handle, and contends that there is a sublimity in poetry, where all the ideas are lofty, aspiring, and clerical, so there is the profound where every thing is deep and hidden. The sublimity of nature is the sky, sun, and moon, &c. The profound, the gold, pearls, and precious stones. But all that lies between and is situated on the earth, are so common as not to be greatly esteemed by the curious. Just so it is, he argues, in writing; whatever is either uncommonly lofty or low, no matter which, is considered of more value than plain common sense, which lies in the medium; and he continues, "I venture to lay it down as a maxim and corner stone of this art, that whoever would excel therein must studiously avoid, detest, and turn his head away from all the ideas, ways and workings, of that pestilential foe to wit, common sense. He is to consider himself as a grotesque painter, whose works would be spoiled by an imitation of nature, or uniformity of design." He ought to render himself master of a complete unnatural way of thinking, so as to be able on the appearance of an object, to furnish himself with ideas infinitely below it." In short all that is to be esteemed, either on account of bombastic language and incredible narrative, or paucity of ideas and vulgarity of expression, belong to the *Bathos*. I have now in as brief a manner as possible, introduced my reader to a slight acquaintance with the profound, which I hope to increase as I go along.—But let us stop a moment, I have said that for this extraordinary invention, we are indebted to the moderns: but perhaps my poor fellow countrymen may think that as we are accustomed to look to Europe for examples of intellectual improvement and refinement, and contented to consider ourselves as mere copyists of their inventions, that when I speak of moderns, I mean modern Europeans. But I will relieve you forthwith of my brethren, by letting you into the secret, that although strictly speaking, the discovery is European, and many are the excellent proficients in this art on the other side of the Atlantic, yet it has been as much cultivated and enlarged in the United States, as in any other part of the civilized world, for any lover of the true *Bathos* will be secretly rejoiced and edified when he reads many

of our Fourth of July orations, speeches of members of Congress, and the "beautiful odes," effusions, "fragments," "lines," &c. with which many of our newspapers abound; for my own part I am raptures, when I think how much this branch of literature has been fostered by my countrymen, and I verily believe that old Scriblerus himself should ever take it into his head to revisit earth, that he would not hesitate an instant in owning many of our newspaper poets and essayists, as his lineal descendants and worthy imitators. I shall conclude this scribble by informing the Editors of the Post, that if they approve of my plan, I will in succeeding numbers, endeavour to explain the merits and establish the titles of some of our literary, to the rank of true cultivators of the *Bathos*.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SPIDERS.—How do these insects extend their webs from the top of one tree, or any other object, to another? It is not long since, I had an opportunity of witnessing the process of this work of apparent difficulty. A large overgrown spider had constructed his net from the eave of my house; by some violence it was swept away. One evening, I observed him very busy, drawing from his body, with his legs, several long threads which floated off in different directions, as the current of air carried them, attaching themselves to whatever distant objects they came in contact with.—On one of them he pass'd over a space of about 12 feet to an opposite wall, where he tightened his rope, attached another at a little distance, and repassed his bridge again—having in this manner secured the *mainstay* of his fabric, he next cross'd a number of shorter lines, meeting as it were in a common centre, and diverging like the radii of a circle—having the *web* now completed he commenced his weaving operations near the centre, moving round and attaching his *filling* to each transverse cord until the net was completed. It was really astonishing to see with what dexterity and precision every thread was placed at a uniform distance. After this he went round to the base of every stay *line* or brace, pulling each and tightening those which seemed too slack. All now being completed, he retired to his sentry box, and like a vigilant watchman, placed himself in an attitude to pounce upon the first giddy fly that should be entangled in his toils.

MAGNANIMITY.

In 1702, Peter the Great having made several ineffectual attempts on Noteburg, a Swedish fortress, now called Schlusselburg, sent Prince Galitzin, colonel of the guards, at the head of a select corps, to take it by storm. That officer having, by means of rafts, landed his soldiers close to the fortifications which advance almost to the edge of the water, they were received with such intrep

The Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, August 10, 1822.

Deaths during the last week.

In this city, there were 72 deaths—37 of which were children under five years of age—14 died of cholera morbus.

In New-York, there was 70, of whom 24 were under the age of one year. There was one case of Yellow Fever.

In Baltimore, there were 51—of whom 25 were under five years of age, and 10 died in the Almshouse.

MIRROR OF LIFE.

TO SHOW THE VERY AGE AND BODY OF THE TIMES, ITS FORM AND PRESSURE.

A Court Martial, appointed at the request of Commodore Hull, to investigate his official conduct, will be convened at Charlestown, Mass. on the 12th inst. It will be composed of Captains Rodgers, Chauncey and Morris, the two first mentioned of whom have already arrived at Boston.

One hundred and sixty slaves were imported into Havana, from Africa, on the 11th ult.

The city of New-Orleans is said to have been remarkably healthy, on the 3d ult.

Emigration.—Nearly 9000 emigrants, (most of them from Ireland) have arrived at Quebec this season. Many of these find a very obstinate character.

Good News.—The Spirit of Pennsylvania, published at Easton, Northampton county, under date of July 26th, says, "There have been no prisoners confined in the jail of this county, since the 15th inst."

Counterfeit five dollar notes of the United States' Bank, have been put into circulation at Salem. The engraving is coarse, and the paper much thicker than that of the true bills. A bill of the above description, with the counterfeited signature of L. Cheeves, was offered at one of the Banks in Baltimore last week.

The Osage and Cherokee tribes of Indians have agreed upon an armistice for 30 days. In the mean time there is to be a meeting in the Council of the Chiefs of each nation for the purpose of agreeing upon a firm and lasting peace.

Piracy.—Captain Patterson, of the sloop Ann, arrived at Savannah on Saturday, the 27th ult. in four days from Havana, informs that the trade of piracy continues in that neighbourhood, and that very little effort was made by the public authorities to prevent it.

Accident.—While two young gentlemen were lately searching for squirrels in the woods of New-Kent, Richmond, Virginia, one of them, being a few steps in advance, his friend's gun was accidentally discharged, the contents of which penetrated his back, and occasioned his death.

Boxing.—A mulatto man was killed at Peck-slip, N. York, this week, in a boxing match with a negro. The black fellow struck his opponent a severe blow just behind the ear, which instantly terminated his life.

A severe gale was experienced at Mobile, on the 9th of July; the brig Hero, of Philadelphia, and brig —, Luce, of Boston, were driven ashore and lost.

Mad Dogs.—Three dogs were killed last week at Boston, having every symptom of hydrophobia. It is not said they had any person.

On Monday evening last, Mr. Benjamin Van Loan, on his passage from Cat-skill to Albany, in the steam boat Richmond, while sitting upon the casement of the machinery, and leaning within the aperture, was caught by the balance wheel, drawn in and instantly killed.

Gov. Clark, of Georgia, offers a reward of \$100 for the apprehension of Isaac Nichols, suspected of having murdered a negro boy.

The special court convened at Charleston, for trying insurrectionists, adjourned on Friday week, having dispatched all the business brought before them. On the last day of their session, they sentenced five negroes to banishment.

The Governor and Captain General of the Island of Cuba and its dependencies, died on the 19th of July.

The public schools of Boston, which reflect so much honour on the place, cost something more than \$40,000 a year.

As the city contains about 45,000 persons, one dollar from each individual, for this most important of all objects, cannot be considered a very extravagant tax.

The amount of duties secured at the Custom House, in New-York, for the first six months of the present year, ending on the 30th of June, was \$5,214,597.10.

The New-York Evening Post, mentions, for the information of strangers, that the whole of the infected district, which the Board of Health have ordered fenced up, lies within a quarter of a mile of the battery, on the North River.

Hill, the black man, who was wounded at the state prison in Boston, on Friday week, expired on Sunday noon.

The account of a duel having recently taken place at Hoboken, is contradicted in the New-York papers.

Ruride.—Advices from Vera Cruz, to the end of June, represent the new Emperor as very much disposed to favour the citizens of the United States, and that as proof of his good will towards them, he has ordered a repeal of the law as far as respects them, which prohibits the exportation of specie.

Dog Law of Rhode Island.—In North Providence, (R. I.) an ordinance has been passed, that any dog found at large within the town, or without a line about his neck of not more than six feet long, and the owner hold of it, may be killed and buried three feet at least below the surface, and not less than ten rods from any dwelling house. A reward of fifty cents is to be paid to any person who shall kill and bury such animal.

Commodore Daniel T. Patterson, of the United States Navy, has arrived in this city from New-Orleans, on a visit to his family, and to the seat of government, after a long absence at his command.

7th mo.—3—E

The Hon. William Lowndes, a member of Congress from South Carolina, is in this city, in a very delicate state of health.

It will be seen by reference to our advertising columns, that Messrs. Brown & Son, intend presenting for the gratification of the public, at the Vauxhall Gardens, this evening, a grand display of Fireworks.

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family, and to the seat of government, after a long absence at his command.

7th mo.—3—E

The advantages of going to law.—The

Orange County Patriot says, the cause of Ethan Sears and others, against Jacob Powell, was decided by the Chancellor, on the 25th ult. in favour of Mr. Powell—each party to pay their own costs. It is said that something like forty thousand dollars was involved in this decision.

The following toast was drank at Flemington, N. J. on the 4th of July last.

The next President.—Calhoun, Crawford, Clinton, Clay.—What a C of troubles!

The Saturday Mail.

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The packet ship Columb a, capt. Rogers, arrived last evening from Liverpool, having sailed on the 2d July, and brought papers of that day, with London dates to the 1st of the month.

The Royal assent was given, on the 24th June, by commission, to the Irish malt duty bill, the West India and American intercourse bill, the ancient commercial statute bills, the rate of interest bill, the colonial trade bill, the importation of goods bill, and the navigation laws' amendment bill.

In the House of Commons, an address was agreed to on the subject of the Slave Trade, calling for the correspondence with other powers for the abolition of the traffic. Mr. Wilberforce complained that America had refused to sanction the principle of mutual search, and thereby opposed a serious obstacle to the final and complete abolition of the trade.

A shipment to the amount of 40,837L principally woollens, was made by one house in Liverpool, in the Belvidera for Baltimore.

Mr. Matthews was about to sail for the United States.

The town of Ulcicborg, in Finland, was destroyed by fire on the 23d of May. 166 houses were burnt in Subzach on the 10th of May. The system of conflagrations seems to have proceeded from France to Germany, where several villages have been set on fire.

A fire broke out at Stockholm, on the 12th of June, in the quarter of Blasieholmen, nearly the entire centre of which fell a prey to the flames.

The loss sustained by the merchants alone, was estimated at from four to five hundred thousand dollars. That of the crown, by the destruction of large magazines of corn, could not be estimated. Some vessels in the harbor were destroyed.

Two days after this calamity, advices reached Stockholm, that a more terrible conflagration had occurred in the city of Nordkoping, which had consumed nearly 400 houses, and two churches, and was still raging.

A destructive hail storm was experienced in France on the 14th and 15th of June. In some of the districts, the harvest was entirely destroyed.

A motion for the total repeal of the Salt Tax was negatived in the House of Commons, 104 to 92; and a bill was ordered, to reduce the present duty according to the recommendation of a committee.

The bill authorising the use of roasted grain for coffee, has passed the house of commons.

The last quarter's revenue of England, was not likely to be so great as was expected.

Accounts from Dublin, Galway, &c. still speak of the extreme distress of the Irish peasantry.

In addition to their want of provisions, hundreds were dying of disease, occasioned by eating bad provisions. Groups of afflicted human beings were casting themselves at the thresholds of the hospitals, for admittance.

The valuable silversmith establishment of Mr. Feare, the Jew, in the Strand, London, was burnt on the night of the 28th of June. Loss 10,000L

A body of Spanish insurgents, were defeated near Vich, on the 16th of June, and 100 left dead on the field.

A public dinner was to be given in London, to Mr. Zeta, the Cuban Minister.

The Turkish and Greek fleets were near to each other on the 14th of May, between Samos and Scio. More ships of war were fitting out at Constantinople on the 25th May.

A most horrible event took place at Constantinople about the 25th of May, in the execution or most barbarous murder of a great number of the Greek Hostages, by order of the Porte.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 26.

A cry of horror will resound throughout Europe when the new crucifixes in Scio are made known. All are massacred. Even the 78 pretenders who were detained as hostages have been cut to pieces in the fort. The generous French Consul, Digeon, is the most to be pitied. He had gone into the village and proclaimed the Turkish amnesty, and at the same time pledged himself for the Sultan's giving pardon. The inhabitants on this surrendered all their arms, on which the Asiatics fell on 13 villages and executed a general massacre.

All fell without defence under the sword of the Turks, who behaved with the most refined cruelties. The whole island is a sepulchre; the few women and children who were sheltered in the French Consulate are in the deepest misery. Some Greeks still combat in the mountains, but their destruction is certain. These events have excited such terror here that nobody now ventures to intercede for a Greek family, for fear of being included in the same proscription.

SEVILLE, June 3.

Letters from Bitoglia of May 23, have been received at Bulgarde, from which it appears that consternation prevails in that part of the country. The Turks are advancing in great force towards Larissa. The agents of the English are said to have succeeded in inducing the Sultans and Albanians to submit to Chourchid Pacha, who will soon effect his junction with the Pacha of Salona, to march through Livadia against the Moors. Decisive events may therefore soon be expected in these parts. Nothing but a miracle can save the Greeks, as affairs now stand.

It is affirmed that the operations of the Turks, both by sea and land, are directed by English officers, and that they have promised entirely to quell the insurrection before the termination of the negotiation with Russia.

On Friday afternoon, Mr. JOHN MONNINGTON, aged 60.

On Friday morning, after a short illness, EDWARD C. MAYBIN, son of John Maybin, Esq. aged 13 years.

On Friday, after a long and painful illness, MRS. ELLEN BOYLE.

Yesterday afternoon, suddenly, JAMES WHITAKER, Chair maker.

On the 21st ult. MARY B. HAMILTON, wife of William Hamilton.

On Sunday evening, MRS. MARY ADGATE, consort of Mr. Daniel Adgate.

On Sunday, after a lingering illness, ELIZA BETH, daughter of Frederick Kreider, in the 40th year of her age.

On Monday evening, STEWART A. DOBBINS, aged 26.

On Tuesday morning, MARY KINGSTON, wife of Thomas Kingston.

On the 18th ult. SOPHIA S. daughter of Mr. Samuel Wixson, aged 16.

On Sunday evening, MRS. MARY ADGATE, consort of Mr. Daniel Adgate.

On Tuesday morning, MR. GEORGE HOWELL, aged 23.

On Monday morning, the 5th instant, WILLIAM U. KUNIS, aged 13.

On Wednesday evening last, MRS. ELIZABETH STRICKER, aged 88.

At Augusta, (Geo.) on the 22d ult. MR. HENRY MUSSER, of Pennsylvania.

At St. Jago de Cuba, on the 12th of June last, of yellow fever, GEORGE S. POOLE, son of Robert Poole, of this city, aged 24.

At Salem, N. J. on Saturday last, MR. RICHARD HANCOCK, who, a few hours preceding his death, had one hundred and fifty fits.

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THE OLLIO.

"Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor."

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A CHARADE.

My first is
Modern, spacious, magnifique,
Mean, diminutive, antique;
Tis what throughout the world you'll find,
As various as the human mind;
By learning, elegance, and taste,
And yet condemned to noise and strife,
In public as in private life;
Tis what the rich and great inherit,
Tho' oft the scene of suffering merit;
Tis what you please, if you're to make it,
Not so perchance, if you're to take it.
May you, fair Maids, my second prove,
Possess'd of fortune, friendship, love;
And then my first will doubtless be
Your temple of felicity.
The wise and prudent, too, declare,
My whole should be the matron's care;
Tho' yet your youth such care excuse,
You oft, I ween, their emblem use;
Accept it, then, from one who prays
That happiness may crown your days,
And that dame fortune soon may pour
On your own head her choicest store.

Ezra. —In Kingsbridge Church-Yard, on a man who was too poor to be buried with his rich relations in the Church:

Here lie I, at the Chancery door,
Here lie I, because I'm poor;
The further in, the more to pay—
Here lie I as warm as they.

The story of the Irish porter given by Mr. Mathews, the comedian—is full of that prodigality of humor for which the low Irish are so much celebrated.

On his first being put ashore in Ireland, on his way to seek an engagement at Dublin, Mathews hailed a lad with a horse and cart, who seemed a likely person to carry his luggage to the hotel.—The fellow seemed willing to carry the things; but all that M. could get from him in answer to repeated questions was "Whish?" accompanied each time by a significant gesture, denoting the necessity of caution and silence. At last, on coming to an explanation, it appeared that the young scamp had, as he very candidly assured M., "just stolt the horse and cart."

Not choosing to trust his trunk to the care of the Irish Mercury, he gave it to a man to carry; who on their arrival at the hotel, was not satisfied with a shilling that M. gave him. "And is this all you're going to give me, Mr. Mathews, for bringing that murdering load?" (which M. describes as a mere snuff box of a trunk). M. was not a little astonished at the fellow's knowing his name, as he had never been in Ireland before; and he inquired how it could be. "Och! don't I know you well enough, Mr. Mathews! and don't I know that your honor'd give me another sixpence?"—M. "Well, if you'll tell me how you came to know me, I will give you another sixpence." "Will you, though—honor bright?"—M. "Yes, I will." "Why then, did I read your good looking name on the little brass plate at the top of your honor's trunk—Blessings on the Sunday schools for it!"—M. "Well, here's a shilling give me a sixpence back." "Darn the bit a sixpence I've got; but I'll run and fetch one, and be back in 'm'—M. "Not got one; why I saw one in your mouth this moment?" "And is it that you mane? Would I, think ye, be after giving your Honor a sixpence out of my dirty mouth?"—M. "Well, keep the shilling!"—Ah! good luck and success to your Honor!—has your mother any more of ye?"—This is very rich and rare.

Mr. Mathews relates a capital story of his having prevented a quarrel, by catching with great presence of mind a deacon which one gentleman threw at another's head, merely observing to the former that he was passing the bottle too freely.

SEEING AND FEELING.—A tradesman whose knowledge of Lindley Murray was rather limited, on meeting a gentleman of whom he seemed to recognise a previous acquaintance, observed to him—"I think, Sir, I once sawed you at Alestord."—"You might, Sir," replied the latter, "but I do not remember the pleasure of seeing it."

CROWLE THE PUNSTER.—Once on a circuit with Page, a person asked him if the judge was not just behind? He replied, "I don't know; but I am sure he was never just before."—Of the wag, Lord Oxford also tells the following anecdote; that on being reprimanded, on his knees, by the Speaker of the Common's House, as he rose from the ground, he wiped his knees, and said, "It was the dirtiest House he had ever been in."

*LEONARD.—A Correspondent says, "I entered a stationer's shop a few days since, to procure the play of the *Cure for the Heart Ache*, which Mr. Evans had chosen for his benefit; a young apprentice began rummaging in a large drawer—the master making his appearance, and enquiring what he was searching for, was answered, 'the *Cure for the Heart Ache*.' 'And pray, where did you expect to find it?' 'In the Patent Medicine Drawer, Sir!'—*Bath paper.**

CURRAN, THE IRISH BARRISTER.—A barrister entered the hall with his wig very much awry, and of which, not being apprized, he was obliged to endure from every observer, some remarks on his appearance, till at last, addressing himself to Mr. Curran, he asked, "Do you see any thing ridiculous in this wig?" The answer instantly was, "Nothing but the head."

THE WAY TO FIND A LOST JACK-KNIFE.—A sailor belonging to the schooner Gen. Warren, of Salem, dropped his jack-knife over-board.—About an hour after one of the sailors caught a Dolphin with the knife in its mouth. Sailors would do well to put this story in their lockers.

THE SIGN OF A SCOTCH ALE-HOUSE, HAVING ON HIS SIGN AFTER HIS NAME, M. D. F. R. S., A PHYSICIAN OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY ASKED HIM HOW HE PRESUMED TO FIX THESE LETTERS TO HIS NAME. "WHY, SIR, (SAID THE PUBLICAN,) I HAVE AS GOOD A RIGHT TO THEM AS YOU HAVE!" "WHAT DO YOU MEAN, YOU SCOUNDREL?" REPLIED THE DOCTOR. "I MEAN, SIR, (REPLIED THE PUBLICAN,) THAT I WAS DRAM-MASTER OF THE ROYAL SCOTCH FELICITERS."

A gentleman of Edinburgh, being pressed to subscribe to the national monument to be erected in that city, to commemorate the events of the late war, replied, "I'll do no sic thing; the national debt, in my opinion, is monument enough."

A street, in Trowbridge, (Eng.) has been waggishly named Heavenly-street, from seven persons of the name of Angel, two of the name of Church, four of the name of Parsons, and one of the name of Clerk, residing in it.

TRIFLES.—The neglect of trifles, as they are called, is suffering a moth to eat holes in your purse, and let out all the profits of your business.

MORALITY AND RELIGION.—The rules and doctrines of religion and morality tend to correct all the malignant qualities of the heart; such as envy, malice, pride, and resentment. In doing this, they cut off the very source of disagreeable behaviour.

Agricultural Memoranda.

THE HESSIAN FLY.

This destructive insect is propagated from the eggs of the fly deposited on the grains of wheat when ripening; the truth of which I learned from actual observations. The fly may be seen by the middle of June, and from that time till wheat is cut, flying about and lighting upon the ears of wheat. It deposits its eggs upon the outer end of the grain, where they may be seen with a microscope or optic glass: sometimes to the number of 6 or 7 on one grain.

They remain till the grain is sown.—The warmth necessary to produce vegetation, is sufficient to animate the insect. It bursts its shell and enters the shoot, where it lies in a torpid state till the next spring, except in some instances, when wheat is sown early—the fly commences its ravages in the fall.—When this is discovered, the best method is to turn sheep upon it and pasture it short in the fall or winter.

The most effectual way to check the propagation, is in preparing the seed before sown, which should be in the following manner—Pour your seed into a hoghead, tub, or vat, and cover it with water; let it stand 10 or 12 hours; then pour off the water; put the wheat upon a barn floor and sprinkle lime over it, and with a shovel mix it till it is well covered with lime. Let it remain in that state 24 hours, and the eggs will be destroyed without any injury to the seed.

The following brief sketch of the observations which led to the discovery above mentioned, is given, that all who wish to be satisfied of the truth, it may have occur to demonstrate of the fact, if they will take the trouble. On viewing several grains of wheat in a microscope, something resembling the eggs of insects was observed upon them; 20 grains were selected with those appearances; they were put upon some raw cotton and a little earth, in a tumbler of water, and observed every day; and on the day the grain opened and put forth its tender fibre, the insect burst from its shell and was not to be seen.

Ten days after, 5 of the grains with their roots and blades were taken from the glass and carefully examined. In 3 of them the insects were found. The other 15 remained, and overspread the top of the glass. They were preserved till spring, when on examining them, every stalk had an insect on it; some 2, and one had 4.

Twenty other grains were selected, and the lime applied for 12 hours. It was then washed, and the colour of the eggs was changed; and being put into a glass, in like manner as the other, the wheat grew, but the eggs did not produce. The roots were transplanted and grew well; and ten bushels of wheat limed as above, produced a great crop; while the neighbouring fields suffered materially, and some were almost wholly destroyed by the fly. A FARMER, Of Bucks County, Pennsylvania.

THE HUMAN HEART.—The heart, in one hour, beats 3600 times, discharges 7200 ounces of blood; and conveys through it the whole mass of blood in the body not less than 25 times. In the space of four and twenty hours, the whole blood in body circulates 600 times through the heart.

*HIGH STYLE.—Eighteen Englishmen dined, in February last, at Alexandria, on the top of Pompey's Pillar, which is ninety-seven feet high, twelve feet on the top, and twenty-six feet in circumference at the base. They ascended it by means of a cord which was attached to a kite and thrown over it.—*New York American.**

S. PAGE & SON, BROKERS, SCRIBNERS AND ACCOUNTANTS, No. 8, South Fifth street. Persons having money to put out at interest, may be accommodated with a variety of property in the city or county.—Also, bills, bonds, and notes of hand discounted at their office, where Real Estate of every description, Mortgages, Military Lands, Stock and Ground Rents, are bought and sold on Commission; Naturalization Papers for Aliens drawn; Pensions secured; Mechanics' Books posted; Insolvents' Petitions drawn, and their business attended to throughout; Writings of all kinds correctly executed; Money always to be had on good security; and generally in the performance of all duties or services, wherein the aid of an agent or attorney, may be convenient or useful.

N. B. A Register of Real Estate, &c. kept open for inspection and insertion. Fifty cents charge for an entry. June 8—tf

*CARD.—JOHN CARTER, Jun. respectfully informs the public, that his establishment on the Bank of the River Schuylkill, near the FALLS, formerly known by the name of *Mendenhall's*, has been opened since the commencement of the Spring season, and that he is ready to receive those visitors who may be disposed to honor him with their custom and commands.*

He takes leave to acquaint the ladies and gentlemen of the metropolis and its vicinity, that he is amply provided with every species of refreshments, and that he can supply them upon the most immediate requisition with Coffee, Tea and Sandwiches Fish of all those denominations, with which that river abounds; Anchovy-Toast—Pickled Salmon—and all kinds of Relishes which it may please their fancy to demand, with the proper paraphernalia to each.

*Gentlemen are informed that the grounds are so disposed as to afford sufficient room and accommodation for *Quoit* and *Croquet*, and other Ball Clubs, and that Hot or Cold Dinners can be served up for them at the shortest notice.*

The drive to t. place on the western side of the river, is extremely romantic—those who prefer the Ridge Road are informed that a Flat Boat is in constant readiness to cross them, and a new and elegant set of Carriages may be had at the Stables, Prune Street, above and below Fifth.

Teeth One Dollar.

WILLIAMS performs every operation on the Teeth complete for \$1. Filing, extracting and plugging a single tooth, 25 cents, if plugged with gold, 50 cents. Williams fixes teeth in the mouth, warranted to give satisfaction, for \$1 50 a tooth. Williams gives information from the Italian, French, English and American authorities, calculated to insure good teeth for life. He also saves teeth in the same way his own were saved, the least painful of any of the English ways; there are three ways, by Hunter, Fox and Norton.

B. WILLIAMS, Dentist, 161 Vine street, near Fifth, June 1—tf

BENJAMIN RICHARDSON.

LATE from Sheffield, File Manufacturer and Cutler, No. 77 SOUTH SECOND STREET, has commenced manufacturing Files, Table Knives and Forks, Razors of the first quality, warranted for use, Scissors made to order or pattern. Cutlery, of every description, ground, polished and repaired in the best manner, and at the shortest notice. Blades, of the best cast steel, put in Pen-knife handles, and warranted goods; Table knives and forks repaired, either with new blades or handles; Old Files re-cut and made as new.

GEORGE ALLCHIN,

BOOK-BINDER and GILDER on the edges of Books, Letter and Filigree Paper. Paper blocked on the edges for mourning, at No. 163 Vine Street, third door above Fifth Street, north side—Where he continues to manufacture Backgammon Tables and Chess Boards.

Orders from any part of the United States executed on reasonable terms.

GEORGE ALLCHIN,

A true copy,

Wm. HYER, Clerk.

July 27—tf

GEORGE ALLCHIN,

MORALITY AND RELIGION.—The rules and doc-

trines of religion and morality tend to correct all

the malignant qualities of the heart; such as envy,

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cut off the very source of disagreeable behaviour.

GEORGE ALLCHIN,

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